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AND LASALLE COUNTY COMMERCIAL ADVERTISER.

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be post paid.

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OTTAWA is the seat of justice of La Salle
county; is situated at the junction of the Fox river
with the Illinois, 209 miles by water, from Saint
Louis, and mid-way between Chicago and Peoria.

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DR. G. SMITH, Georgetown, " "

From the Index.

ENGLAND.
There's blood upon thy jewell'd sword,
And shame upon thy crown;
Pollution marks thy belted loins,
And sin thy churchman's gown;
And from the islands of the sea
The groans of millions come thee.
Thy masses in their hovels stain,
Or curse thee, while they toil;
Thy nobles, of illustrious line,
Like vampires, suck thy soil;
And now, proud "mistress of the sea,"
The meanest wretch gives food to thee!
A queen upon a throne of gold—
A parliament of despots;
A nation's voice that's hushed and sold
While every cottage groans;
An army o'er the wide world spread,
To gather garments from the dead.
A hind of prey!—with bloody beak
Now feeding on his young,
Now going forth, with hellish shriek,
To bleed the tribes amon.
Proud scavenger of land and sea,
Avenge Heaven has noted thee!
Disturber of Creation's peace!—
Destroyer of the laws!
When will your march of murder cease?
When will your legions pause?
When mail-clad men shall make your grave
By Javan's towers and Erie's wave.
But hark! a cry of vengeance rings
From Indus and the Nile;
It thunders down to Europe's kings,
And starts in Albion's isle;
That power whose flag is never furled—
Whose morning drum beats round the world.
Proud boaster! know that deeds of blood—
Of broken faith and shame—
Have made thee mistress of the flood,
And magnified thy name;
And think how Rome, the mighty, sank
When rolled the Northern avalanche.
Well mayest thou stand, when nations wheel
Their cannon toards thy throne!
But when thy starving millions feed
A foe in thee alone,
Not thrones, nor lords, nor martial power,
Can stand the onset of that hour.

From the Western Spectator.

SIR WILLIAM DEANE;

OR, THE MAGIC OF WEALTH.

By John Russell, of Bluffdale, Ill.

In the "Boston Spectator," of June 7th,
1840, appeared the following editorial para-
graph:

"A FREAK OF FORTUNE.—The blind
goddess has been famous, in all ages, for
the singular and unexpected manner in
which she frequently bestows her favors;
but never has it fallen to our lot to record
an instance of her versatility so extraordi-
nary as the following. Letters were re-
ceived in town by the brig Laura, Capt.
Hill, which arrived in this port a few
days since from Liverpool, announcing
the death of Sir Robert Deane, of Deane
Hall, Lancashire, England. By the do-
mestic of this baronet, all his extensive do-
mains in Lancashire, the yearly rental of
which exceeds thirty thousand pounds
sterling, together with his valuable per-
sonal property, including upwards of a hun-
dred thousand pounds in ready money, all
descended to a cousin, the only surviving
member of that ancient family. But what
renders the case so extraordinary, is the
fact, that the sole inheritor of this im-
mense fortune is William Deane, an indi-
gent tailor, in the village of Milford, Ver-
mont. It is said that he is well educated,
and that a singular train of circumstances
having reduced him to indigence, he emi-
grated to the United States, and was sub-
sequently driven to his present humble
occupation for subsistence. However this
may be, the elevation from the shop-board
to the honors of knighthood, for the title
goes with the estate, is immense. Most
cordially and sincerely do we congratulate
him on his rise to rank and fortune, and

hope that when he is seated in the castle
of his ancestors he will remember with
affection the land in which he found an
asylum and a home."

The above paragraph immediately
"went the rounds" of the newspapers and
excited universal attention; but in Mil-
ford, the little country village where the
fortunate subject of it resided, the sensa-
tion produced was absolutely overwhelm-
ing.

The weekly mail had arrived—that im-
portant event in village life—and the post
office was crowded as usual with people,
all eager and impatient for news. To ap-
pear their impatience till he could as-
sort and distribute his packages, the post-
master handed out the "Boston Spectator"
through the lattice-work that fenced up
a corner of the room into what was
emphatically and in fact the post-office.
The owner of the paper seized it, and rap-
idly glancing his eye over the inner col-
umns, saw and read aloud the article an-
nouncing the good fortune of William
Deane. It was the very first intelligence
of the event that had reached the village.
For an instant, every one was speechless
with astonishment; in the next, the post-
master was the sole occupant of the office.
In fifteen minutes, every man, woman,
and child, from one end of Milford to the
other, had heard the news. The humble
domiel of the Deanes was rushed into
without the least ceremony, and twenty
couriers, breathless with running, were
telling them their good fortune at once.

At first, no one thought of calling in
question the correctness of the statement
in the "Boston Spectator"; but every soon
suggested that the editor might possibly
have been misinformed, and some of the
village nobility, whose first impulse had
been to go with the rest and congratulate
the Deanes, secretly concluded to wait
till the report was confirmed, before they
descended to pay their respects to a
family which they had hitherto consid-
ered so immeasurably beneath them.

This confirmation was soon obtained.
Mr. Henson, the principal merchant of
Milford, whose wealth and influence
placed him decidedly at the head of the
village, had received, by the same mail, a
letter from Mr. Walker, the steward of
the late Sir Robert, confirming the intelli-
gence in every particular. The letter was
in part confidential, but Mr. Henson com-
municated all that the public could have
any real interest in knowing. The stew-
ard of the estate was aware, from report,
that the circumstances of the heir were
low, and very considerably devalued the
means of rendering them, before his return
to England, a little more in accordance
with his future rank.

To effect this object, he requested Mr.
Henson to place the family of Mr. Deane
in circumstances befitting their station and
wealth, and to furnish him with funds to
return to England with as little delay as
possible, that he might enter upon his es-
tates, and prepare for the removal of his
family. To meet these expenses, Mr.
Walker authorized Mr. Henson to draw
upon a bank in New York, to which he
had sent sums amply sufficient.

The exact place where Mr. Deane re-
sided was not known to the steward,
which was the principal reason for apply-
ing to the legatee himself. However, in-
closed in the letter to Mr. Henson was
one to the heir, superscribed—"To Sir
William Deane, Baronet." This letter
was couched in the most obsequious
terms, giving an account of the death of
his lamented uncle, and a statement of
the annual income of the estates, &c. &c.,
not forgetting to solicit for himself a con-
tinuance of the stewardship under the new
lord of the manor, the duties of which he
had so ably and faithfully performed un-
der Sir Robert.

Mr. Henson did not hesitate an instant
in accepting the proffered agency, and po-
litenly told Mr. Deane that any sum of
money he might please to want was at
his service. The people of the village
were too well acquainted with his shrewd-
ness in money matters, and his careful at-
tention to the "main chance," to give Mr.
Henson the credit of doing this from mo-
tives of generosity or friendship. No;
they knew him too well not to feel per-
fectly assured that he had not ascertained
to a certainty that the Deanes had become
the actual and bona fide inheritors of an
immense fortune, and would repay him
fourfold for every cent he loaned them, or
expended in their service, the Deanes
could not have obtained from him a dollar,
even to prevent starvation.

It is now high time to introduce the
happy favorite of fortune, the heir of this
wealth and honor, more fully to the ac-
quaintance of our readers. He was then
forty years of age, eighteen of which he
had passed in Milford. His arrival there
and subsequent history were well remem-
bered by all the elderly inhabitants. Be-
ing young, of handsome person, with no
apparent fault in the world but that of

"drinking," and the like, he had no dif-
ficulty in entering the pale of matrimony,
soon after his arrival, notwithstanding his
poverty, with a young lady of the village,
whose merits and accomplishments were
equal to his own. Suffice it to say,
that they managed to live, and it may be
added, happily, notwithstanding the war-
like sounds which frequently greeted the
ears of the neighbors, and those who
chanced to be passing by. For the honor
of knighthood, we lament that truth re-
quires the acknowledgement, that often,
while his wife was seated on the shop-
board, mending the habits of others, her
loving husband was indulging in very bad
ones of his own, at the sign of the "Hoc-
tor," a low tavern at the lower end of the
village. Every sixpence he could possi-
bly lay his hands on stood a fair chance
of being expended at that favorite place of
resort. The village barber, who was al-
ways ready with a joke, and several
others, some of whom had been respecta-
ble in the world, till New England rum
had reduced them to poverty and disgrace,
were his constant companions. It was
amusing to observe the traits of character
which these tavern friends exhibited,
when they had fairly drunk down the
carping cares of this mortal life. At such
times, especially, the utmost deference
was paid to the rank of each other; not
as the world considered it, but to the rank
which each had formerly held, or would
have held, had it not been for the in-
gratitude of the world, or the treachery of
some friend or relation. One of these
associates, according to his own account,
had been a legislator in a distant state,
and very rich, till some envious rascals
had sworn falsely against him, and he was
compelled to serve an apprenticeship to
nail-making in a penitentiary. The latter
part of the story was known to be true,
and the rest of course taken for granted.
This man was never addressed without
his title, and becoming deference. But
the hero of the whole party was Mr.
Deane. He was the heir of a noble fam-
ily in England, and had it not been for
the chicanery of the law, and the villainy
of a relative, he would then have been en-
joying rank and wealth, instead of sitting
on the shop-board of a tailor. Every
time he indulged in "blue rain," which
happened "pretty considerably" often,
the story of his high birth, and the un-
bounded wealth of his uncle, Sir Robert
Deane, of Deane Hall, Lancashire, was
sure to be told, with all its particulars
and amplifications. Nor did he once fail
to predict, on such occasions, that he should
one day inherit the title and estates of his
uncle. We leave to philosophers the task
of accounting for the propensity which
some men exhibit while intoxicated, to re-
late all their disappointments and expecta-
tions. Every man in Milford who would
listen to him, had heard his story a hun-
dred times, but beyond the narrow circle
of the Harrow it won him no respect—
The nobility of the village—for every
country village has its nobility, who look
down with contempt upon all below them
—the village nobility, so far from allow-
ing his claims to equality, like the priest
and Levite, passed by on the other side,
and rarely condescended to notice either
him or his family, even by the nod of re-
cognition.

He was characterized as a miserable,
profligate son, with whom it would be dis-
graceful to have anything to do, beyond
employing him to make or mend their
clothes. For several years, his family,
which now consisted of himself, his wife,
and daughter of seventeen, had inhabited
a room in the basement story of a large
building in the village.
Great indeed was the astonishment of
the Milfordites when they discovered that
all his accounts of high birth and princely
expectations were verified to the very
letter! What a fortune! Thirty thou-
sand pounds, reduced to federal money,
is upwards of one hundred thousand dol-
lars; more than twice as much as Mr.
Henson, the richest man in Milford, is
worth; and this sum the Deanes are to
receive every year. It is truly astonish-
ing! What could they possibly do with
such an immense sum! How could they
ever spend the half of it? To a man of
such wealth a few thousand pounds would
be of no account, and not a few had ac-
creted hopes of being materially benefited
by his friendships. Every one envied Mr.
Henson for being made the temporary
agent of such a man. His fortune would
be made, for he could not fail of being
amply rewarded, though every one knew
that he had no friendship for Mr. Deane,
or any one else, beyond his own interest.
The family of Mr. Deane, or as he was
now called, Sir William Deane, had been
immediately removed from their subter-
ranean residence to one of the handsomest
houses in Milford, which Mr. Henson
rented and furnished for that purpose.
Every thing befitting their new condition
was provided, and magic itself could hard-

ly have wrought a more striking change
in the manners and appearance of this fa-
mily.

The elite of society, the very first of
the village, lost no time in paying them a
visit. Parties were made in rotation, at
the houses of all the principal gentry, to
do honor to Sir William, his lady and
daughter. "What a genteel, *par-fait* wo-
man Lady Deane is," said the wife of the
minister; "she seems as if she was born
to the rank she fills!" "Oh, certainly,"
was the response of the whole coterie.

The excellent qualities of the mother
and daughter afforded a most prolific theme
of conversation in all good society, and
could any measure of praise have been
too great for such unheard of merit,
not a small share of the encomiums heap-
ed upon them, to their very faces, might
have been suspected of savouring a little
of flattery and sycophancy. One lady, in
the fulness of her heart, seized Lady
Deane by both her hands, at a large party,
and wondered how it could possibly
have happened that she had not become
acquainted with her before, and why Lady
Deane had never called upon her!—
Anything in the world that she or her
husband could have done for her or Sir
William would joyfully have been done,
if they had only called upon them, and
made their requests known; but, somehow
or other, they had never till lately en-
joyed the supreme felicity of their
acquaintance. By the by, this same lady,
of all others, had been the most distin-
guished for the insulting disdain she had
formerly manifested for the poverty and
low standing of the Deanes.

A thousand little presents flowed in
upon the mother and daughter from the
neighbors, and every hour in the day saw
their house besieged with genteel visitors,
who "just called to see how they were."
If either of them chanced to catch the
slightest cold, it was astonishing how
much sympathy and alarm it excited
among the ladies composing the "good
society" at Milford. Kind souls, they
were half frightened out of their wits, for
fear it might terminate in consumption.
Every remedy that could be devised was
recommended, and their attention to the
supposed invalids was as earnest and as-
siduous as if their own lives depended
upon the same. So great was the friend-
ship of these ladies, and so anxious were
they to show kindness to Lady Deane and
her daughter, that they would really have
rejoiced to have had them afflicted with a
moderate-sized fever, merely to alleviate
their sufferings, and sympathize with and
console them.

Let not the reader imagine, for an in-
stant, that any share of the overwhelming
attention bestowed by the ladies and
others upon this family was at all owing
to the trifling circumstance that they had
risen to rank and fortune. No, not a
particle of it was by any means char-
geable to that account; for I have often
heard these ladies declare to Lady Deane
herself, that it was entirely owing to the
exalted merits they had discovered in
Lady Deane and her daughter; and that
they would have admired them just as
much, and been just as familiar with
them years and years ago, had it not
been somehow or other unaccountably
happened, that they had not become ac-
quainted with them till recently.

To do justice to Sir William, he wore
his newly-acquired honors with as much
propriety of character as most other men
who have risen to exalted fortune. Pressed
in an elegant suit of English broad-
cloth, from the store of Mr. Henson, he
really looked the gentleman; and it was
difficult to decide which was the most to
be admired, his dress or his address, so
perfectly were his manners adapted to his
new station in life.

If gentlemen in Milford had formerly
been deficient in paying him respect,
which we are sorry to say was the fact,
they now appeared eager to make ample
amends for past neglect by paying up all
arrears, both principal and interest.
This, common justice required of them.
Every one was now anxious to do him a
favor. "Is there nothing I can do for
you, Sir William?" was inquired again
and again. Each individual was inces-
sant in his efforts to gain the particular
friendship of the heir, and to defeat simi-
lar attempts of others. The moral char-
acter of Sir William underwent a trans-
formation as great and unexpected as that
of his pecuniary affairs. It is true that
he swore just as often, and just as pro-
fanely, as he did before; but, somehow
or other, though I am not philosopher
enough to explain the "reason why,"
the effect was entirely different. Even
the Rev. Mr. Polyglott, the worthy pa-
ron of the village, who had hitherto ex-
pressed the utmost horror of his oaths
and immorality, now declared that "Sir
William had really become a moral man;
and though, to be sure, he sometimes
used language a little profane, yet he did

it from mere thoughtlessness and habit,
and meant not the least irreverence in the
world." Intention, alone, renders any
thing evil: it follows that Sir William,
having no evil intention, was in fact a
moral man.

He was intoxicated, perhaps, rather
often than formerly, but from an entire-
ly different cause and motive. Before
his elevation to rank his intemperance
was charged to mere southisness of dispo-
sition, but he immediately laid aside this
degrading propensity. Now, his intoxi-
cation was in consequence of having ac-
cidentally drunk upon an empty stomach—
or the liquor had an unusual effect, on
account of his being out of health—or
hospitality and politeness to his guests
required it. I said that he was "intoxi-
cated," but people generally gave it
another name, that of being in "good
spirits." In a word, it was universally
acknowledged that Sir William Deane
was temperate, and drank not a drop
more than a man of his rank and wealth
ought to drink. To do him justice, he
had not a fault in the world. He had
them aside the moment he heard of his
elevation. Not a doubt existed in the
mind of the Rev. Mr. Polyglott, that his
wealth and influence would essentially
promote the cause of virtue. To effect
this object he would manage to have Sir
William elected president of a society he
had recently instituted to support the
gospel, by raising a permanent fund to
pay his own salary.

Miss Deane, the heiress apparent of all
the accumulated wealth and dignity of
the family, became at once a conspicuous
object of attention among the young law-
yers, doctors and merchants, the rising
nobility of the incorporated village of
Milford. She was now about seventeen,
and a girl of excellent qualities. Her
education was rather limited; but in
fashionable life it is not necessary to be
a "blue stocking" or a philosopher. She
had hitherto been known by the soft poe-
tic name of "Betsy," but more frequently
she was designated by the far more pas-
toral one of "Bess." Remembering the
words of Solomon, that "a good name is
more to be desired than great riches,"
the people of Milford, as if by universal
consent, changed that of the gentle young
lady in question to "Miss Elizabeth."

The principles of gentility and taste
must have been intimate and inherent in
the mind of Miss Elizabeth Deane, in de-
fiance of the theories of Locke, for in a
surprisingly short time could she display
all the airs and affectations of high ton,
and cut the acquaintance of her former
associates in the most approved and fash-
ionable style.

It was certainly presumption in an in-
titled republican to aspire to a connection
with a British knight; but what will not
disinterested love dare to hope? To
give a detail of the rivalry for the smiles
of the young heiress, would fill a volume,
and we will, therefore, leave it all to the
imagination of the reader.

Six weeks had scarcely elapsed since
the intelligence of the death of Sir Robert
had reached the village, when Mr. Hen-
son had every thing in readiness for the
departure of Sir William to England.
The family were to remain in the elegant
mansion in which Mr. Henson had plac-
ed them, till the return of Sir William,
who would come prepared to remove
them to Dean Hall. Other letters had
arrived, extracts from which had been
published, urging his immediate depart-
ure, and confirming all the particulars of
the first intelligence beyond the possibi-
lity of a doubt, had any existed. But none
did or could exist; Mr. Henson was a
man of all others not likely to be de-
ceived. He had once been an importer of
goods from England; had often been in
that country, where his acquaintance was
extensive, and had likewise a deep knowl-
edge of mankind.

It was decided that Sir William should
sail from Boston, which was about one
hundred and fifty miles distant. Num-
erous and expensive were the parting dis-
pers made on the occasion. It could
hardly have excited more profound regret
had his departure been final, instead of
for a few months. Sir William had be-
come a warm friend to the Americans,
and intended to persuade several of the
young nobility in England, with whom
he should become acquainted in his visit,
to accompany him to Milford, when he
returned for his family. This latter event
was anticipated in the village with the
most delighted expectation. The good
offices and influence of Sir William would
undoubtedly induce some of these young
noblemen to marry in Milford; and more
than one mother of a beautiful daughter
resolved to improve the interval by ac-
complishing her at a dancing school, and
thus prepare her for the style of life she
would lead in England.—The ambition
was not confined to the mothers and
daughters. The fathers, also, entered

with spirit into the plan, and having read
in novels that English noblemen are ex-
cessively fond of the chase and of hounds,
many a good, honest, brindled dog, who
had never thought of any higher employ-
ment than that of guarding the house and
sleeping in the shade, was put in training
for the expected occasion.

At length the farewells and adieus were
all affectionately paid, and Mr. Henson
accompanied Sir William to Boston. In
that town, also, the legatee was an all
engrossing object of attention. Every
body had heard of his good fortune, and
every body was eager to pay him respect.
This they had ample leisure, as no ves-
sel in Boston would sail for an English
port in less than ten days. Politeness
required that Mr. Henson should wait
and see his friend set sail, and he con-
cluded to employ the intervening time in
laying in his annual supply of goods.
Teams were in readiness, waiting his
orders. His first purchase was at a
wholesale dry goods store, at which he
had been long in the custom of trading,
and frequently on a credit. On the pre-
sent occasion he selected goods to the
amount of thirty thousand dollars. "Mr.
Henson," said the merchant, "I have
long dealt with you, and have always
found you punctual; but really, sir, thirty
thousand dollars is a large sum to credit
to any country merchant. I do not
in the least doubt your honesty or your
ability to pay me, but really, sir, you
must pardon me for asking security." Mr.
Henson replied that he was about en-
larging his business in Milford, and
also about establishing in Waterville;
that to fail of obtaining the goods would
break in upon all his plans and greatly
injure him. As it regarded security, he
had not the least objection to giving it,
but there was no man in Boston acquaint-
ed with his circumstances who was able
to secure that sum, except his friend Sir
William Deane, and he felt extreme re-
luctance to asking such a favor from him.
"I will willingly take Sir William," was
the reply of the merchant, who had been
previously introduced to him, and with
whose good fortune he was well acquain-
ted.—At length the "extreme reluctance"
of Mr. Henson to asking such a favor
was overcome, and Sir William taken in
security. A note payable in six months
was given. At three other mercantile
houses, in different parts of the town,
about the same amount of goods was ob-
tained at each, and the security of Sir
William Deane reluctantly asked by Mr.
Henson, and cheerfully taken by the
merchants. The goods, amounting to
near one hundred and forty thousand dol-
lars, were safely placed on board the wa-
gons, and Mr. Henson accompanied his
teams a few miles on their way, and then
returned to Boston.

The next morning Sir William embar-
ked for England. Mr. Henson paid his
passage, and just as he stepped over the
side of the vessel, already getting under
way, was seen to put a thousand dollars
into his hands.

Reader, our story is rapidly drawing
to a close. The teams, instead of taking
the route to Milford, went directly to
Montreal, in the province of Lower Can-
ada, out of the reach of the laws of the
United States. Mr. Henson was there
ready to receive them, and had adroitly
managed to convey all his property in
Milford to the same place. He opened
a large store in St. Paul street with the
fruits of his ingenuity and the credulity
of his creditors, which he enjoyed in per-
fect security, as no laws of the United
States could reach him. Sir William
Deane was never again heard of. Mr.
Henson, having often heard the drunken
boast of the tailor, that he was the heir
of Sir Robert Deane, &c., contrived his
plot to correspond with it. Deane, hating
his wife, readily entered into it, on con-
dition that Mr. Henson paid all expense,
and gave him a thousand dollars at the
moment of setting sail. The letters were
written, and all the subordinate parts of
the drama performed by Mr. Henson.
The wife and daughter of Deane were
really the dupes of this imposition.
Great was the astonishment when the
title and estate vanished into thin air.

How rapidly does human character
change! In one day after the plot was
known at Milford, Lady Deane and her
daughter, in despite of their "exalted
merits," had dwindled down to the level
of common mortals. They once more
became the tenants of their former resi-
dence in the basement story, which, fortu-
nately, remained unoccupied.
"Miss Elizabeth" has again become
simply "Betsy," and even a syllable less.
However, she still advertises with an air
of pleasure and triumph to the time when
she reigned indisputably the belle of the
village; but regrets that she did not ac-
cept the hand of Lawyer Harvey when
she had the opportunity. Such is the
"magic of wealth."